The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

Everlasting! Changing never!
Of one strength, no more, no less!
Thine Almightiness forever,
All the same Thy holiness!
In all fulness
Thou all glory dost possess.

But we weaklings, but we sinners
Would not in our weakness stay:—
Of more glory make us winners;
Lead us on along Thy way,
Ever nearer
To Thy pure and perfect day.

May we not draw forth new treasure
From the Saviour's boundless store?
Spirit,—takest Thou not pleasure
On each age Thy breath to pour?
Sweet and mighty
Com'st Thou not as heretofore?

By Thine earliest, by Thy latest,
By Thy saints and martyrs all,
By Thy sweetest, by Thy greatest,
By Thy John and by Thy Paul,
By Thy sages,
By Thy souls heroical;—

By their holy, high achieving,
By their visions more divine,
By each gift of our receiving
From those mighty ones of Thine,
By Thy radiance
Which through them on us doth shine;—

By Thy truth, how faintly spoken,
By Thy will, how slackly done,
By each idol, still unbroken,
By each spirit still unwon,
Hear us! Hear us!
Our Almighty, help us on!

Give Thy people to inherit
Births of grace with Thee up-stored,
Fuller breathings of Thy Spirit,
Fuller openings of Thy Word!
Make us meeter
To embrace our coming Lord!

Make our own a nobler story
Than was ever writ before!
Stay not then; show forth Thy glory
In our after-comers more!
Everlasting!
Fuller grace incessant pour!

—*T. H. Gill.*

SAINT JOAN OF ARC.

During the war we often heard how the French soldiers thought of Joan of Arc, the heroic girl of five centuries ago, as watching over her countrymen's struggles and praying for their victory. Many a French mother and wife, sister and daughter and sweetheart, believed that Joan of Arc still knows and cares so much about beloved France that she can help secure the safety of those put in her guardianship.

Now, within the last few months, the Head of the Roman Catholic Church has officially added her name to the roll of this world's great saints—the most reverenced and honored of all human beings know to history. Five hundred years is a long interval of time, but the Church is doubtless wise in waiting and making sure that people are not misled by merely temporary enthusiasm or mere sentimental admiration. Her story is a truly marvellous record of purely spiritual wisdom and

spiritual strength embodied in a young girl. There is no other story like it in all the world's records.

The French form of her name—Jeanne—is equivalent to our "Joan" or "Jane," the feminine of "John." Five hundred years ago this fall she was a child in a little village of Eastern France, not far from Verdun. Her people were plain country folks. Jeanne learned to spin and to cook, to wash and to sew. She worked in the fields. She watched sheep in the pasture. She knew almost nothing of the studies which occupy our children, for there were no schools for girls; but she had been given all the simple foundations of a devout religious faith, taught to believe in God as the Creator and Judge of all men, and to love Jesus Christ as Lord and Master. Every day of her life, and many times a day while she worked in kitchen or field, she prayed—not for herself alone, but for others too—"*Our* Father who art in heaven . . . ." While her hands were always busy working with visible things, her heart was growing more and more familiar with things invisible.

At the time when Jeanne was just entering the "teens," France was on the verge of losing its existence as an independent nation, and becoming merely an annex to England. Princes and princesses of the two lands had so intermarried, that the royal relationships were close and complicated. King Charles VI. of France had died leaving a son Charles, who should naturally have been recognized as Charles VII.; but British statesmen and military leaders claimed that Henry VI. of England had a still better right to the French throne. They had, in fact, issued proclamations announcing Henry as the sovereign of France. English troops were in possession of all the northern districts of the country. English generals were at that time the ablest commanders in Europe, and they had for a strong ally the Duke of Burgundy, ruler of what we now call Belgium and some additional territory. It looked like a hopeless case for young Charles VII. Apparently France was near the end of her history as an independent realm. Those were dark days for loyal French folk.

Jeanne heard her father and the village neighbors talk over the discouraging state of things. She said nothing, for girls were not expected to talk politics; but she prayed long and often that the terrible tangle of affairs might someway be straightened out. And something did happen.

One summer's day an extraordinary light appeared to her as she was working in her father's garden, and a Voice told her to "be good, and trust in God." Another day a vision came to her while keeping sheep on the meadows; and this time she saw "with her bodily eyes an archangel with wings and a very noble air." Saint Michael told her she was to go to the aid of King Charles. Jeanne wept with dismay. She told the angel she could not mount a horse nor command an army. The angel answered simply by telling her where she should go to find the King.

Again and again Saint Michael called her to this strange task. Some days Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine came too, telling her that the fate of the country depended on her faithfulness; that she, an unlearned girl, utterly unfamiliar with the ways of soldiers and of courtiers, had been called by God to put things right for France and so give France a chance to fulfil a high destiny.

When, after much doubt and dread, she told her family about these visions and the commanding Voices, she naturally met astonishment and opposition; but at last her relatives were convinced that there was indeed something more going on than they themselves could see or hear. So they did let her set out from home to find King Charles and tell him of this marvellous new possibility for the broken kingdom.

It was in 1429, when she was seventeen years old, that she began her mission. She had to travel two hundred and fifty miles on horseback through a land that then had no well-travelled highways—no bridges over the streams; moreover, the region was overrun with soldiers of the roughest sort, belonging to both armies. The French city of Orleans was surrounded by British troops, and everybody feared that the surrender of that stronghold would be the final calamity—the end of France.

There could hardly have been an expedition promising more danger to a girl. Her brother and a few friends went along as escort; but they could have done very little in case of sudden peril; and all the time they were more or less doubtful about the genuineness of her visions. In

those days everybody believed in demons and witches. . . . How could they be sure that Jeanne herself had not been "possessed" by a devil and become a thing of evil?

But Jeanne went serenely on her way. At each village church she paused to pray and to share in the worship. "Fear nothing," she said to her companions. "God clears the way for me. For this I was born."

When at length the party of country people reached Chinon Castle, it was not easy to gain admission. The King's attendants were by no means ready to trust an unknown girl who might be a sorceress, a lunatic, or even a hired murderess. But at last orders were given to let her enter and tell her story.

In order to prove her power, the King, when he admitted her for an interview, stood in a group of courtiers, dressed like a simple gentleman with no signs of royalty; but she went directly to him. He pretended she had made a mistake, but she was not for an instant in doubt.

"Gentle Dauphin," she said (Dauphin was the old French equivalent of what we call a Crown Prince), "my name is Jeanne. I come from the King of Heaven to tell you that you are the lawful heir of France, that I am to deliver Orleans and then take you to Rheims to be crowned King of France."

A great amount of time was spent in discussions and arguments about the genuineness of Jeanne's inspiration, for it was difficult to believe that a mere girl could be of any use in the nation's desperate situation. It seemed much more likely that she was either a crazy person or an impudent imposter. But the simple truthfulness with which she told and retold the story of the guiding Voices did at last convince the discouraged Dauphin and his leading courtiers. She was given a suit of armor, all white, and a white flag bearing a picture of the Lord Christ and the fleur-de-lis (lily blossom) emblematic of France; and she took command of an army of men—hard drinkers, hard fighters, used to all sorts of brutal behavior such as was common in those days. The men felt a strange awe in her presence. They obeyed her orders. They came to share something of her religious enthusiasm. And after a march to Orleans they succeeded in driving away the besieging English. That city was saved; the tide of fortune began to turn! The church bells at Orleans rang all day and all night in thanksgiving.

"Now, noble Dauphin," said Jeanne, "let us march to Rheims for the coronation. I shall last only a year or a little longer."

She felt that the great mass of the French people would be fixed in their allegiance when once they knew that the solemn religious ceremony in Rheims Cathedral had put a sacramental seal upon Charles's claim. She overcame the objections brought against the plan, and Charles VII. was duly crowned at Rheims. Within a few short months the invading British lost every point of vantage in that part of France; their power was breaking up. The French, sure now that their sovereign had the favor of God, were ready to stand by him.

"O gentle King," Jeanne said, kneeling humbly before the young monarch, "now is accomplished the will of God, that I should raise the siege of Orleans and bring you here to be crowned, to show that you are the right king. Let me now return to my father and mother and keep the sheep again."

The prospects of Charles VII. seemed altogether favorable. He raised Jeanne and her whole family from the ranks of peasantry to the nobility, and exempted her native village from all royal taxation. But . . . he would not consent to let the wonderful maiden go back into private life as she desired. Against her better judgment and her repeated petitions, he insisted that she should continue to lead the French troops against the English and their Burgundian allies, to finish clearing the land of foes.

Then began a strange and disappointing reversal of fortunes. A part of the time the battles turned in Jeanne's favor, often otherwise. The French soldiers themselves questioned her wisdom; disloyalty crept into their ranks. While she was outside the walls of the French town of Compiègne, defending it from the attack of a Burgundian army, the city gates were shut and she was left to the mercy of the enemies!

Those were barbarously cruel times, five hundred years ago! Both Burgundians and British shared the general belief that human beings could make bargains with Satan and get superhuman power through the compact. Some of them, doubtless, believed Jeanne must be a witch of that depraved sort, in order to accomplish the establishment of Charles VII. on the

throne, despite their own strength. Others of them were doubtless filled with a brutal spirit of vindictiveness, and were willing to charge her with any conceivable crime in revenge for her service to France. Between them and among them they had their way. They could not prove her a witch, but she was sentenced to be burned to death as one who falsely pretended to see visions and to hear heavenly Voices; and the terrible sentence was carried out in the city of Rouen, with a great crowd of people looking on. Her last words were part of a broken prayer. Ancient tradition says that just as the soul left her poor burned body a white dove soared up out of the flames and disappeared in the sky.

Soldiers who stood near were struck with remorse. "We have burned a saint!" cried one rough fellow. "Would God my own soul were where hers is now!" The executioner who had charge of the day's work was overcome with horror at what he had done and feared he could never be forgiven for the sin. More and more this revulsion of feeling spread, after Jeanne's tragic death. Deeper and stronger grew the conviction in the hearts of men and women everywhere that cruel spite had sent out of this life one of the purest souls that ever took its orders from the messengers of God. And twenty-five years after her death a special court appointed by the Pope solemnly proclaimed her innocence of every wrong with which she had been charged.

Now, in considering her life, and asking for the secret of her wonderful performances, we see that the source of her power to inspire others was the strength of her own faith. And her faith was strong because it had grown up by silent meditation and prayer in a mind pure, single, and devout. Eminently does she belong to that heroic band "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

The most touching tribute to her memory is a poem by Maria Lowell:—

"Here dwells the legend, fed by time and chance,—
Fresh as the morning, though in centuries old:—
The whitest lily on the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along this square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a day-lit star
Half seen, half doubted; while before her, dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift curved the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,
Showing no faithless king, but righteous death
On the low wooden throne.

He would reward her. She who meekly wore
Alike the gilded mail and peasant gown,
As meekly now received one honor more, . . .
The formless fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air
And in the opening zenith found its goal!
Soft as a downward feather dropped a prayer
For each repentant soul."

(*Adapted from a chapter in "Events and Epochs in Religious History," by James Freeman Clarke.*)

THE STILL HOUR.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,—
Do not strive to grasp them all.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its tasks to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

A. A. Procter.

No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.—*W. E. Channing.*

It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;—
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

There are Christians who seem to suppose that it is God's mission to give them

happiness, rather than that it is their mission to render God service. There are Christians who are always readier to tell God what He can do to make them happy than to ask God what they can do to serve Him. There are Christians who deem it the most natural thing in the world that God should give them the desires of their heart, but that it is very strange that God should call them to serve Him by doing and by enduring!—*H. C. Trumbull.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., Tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

REQUESTS.

1. Miss Lucy Clare Finley, Medical Social Service Director of the Central Maine Sanatorium, Fairfield, Maine, will appreciate any reading matter or games. The patients include men, women, and children, the latter ranging in age from four to sixteen years.

2. The *Adventure* magazine is asked for by Joel P. Johnson, Bristol, South Dakota, an ex-soldier who cannot afford to buy magazines.

3. Will some one send Mrs. Minnie L. Clark, a lonely widow, a good book occasionally? Address Corinna, Maine, R.D. 2.

4. Will some one send me a geographic dictionary? I should like to have Burns's Poems, a song book, a pretty colored picture of any kind, some of Carpenter's Geographical Readers, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Maclaren, and a hymn book. Miss Elsie Harrington, care of Mrs. C. L. Harrington, Box 87, Swatara, Minnesota.

5. I wish to thank all of the Cheerful Letter friends for their kindness in sending me books and other reading for myself and little brothers and sister. I am very fond of reading, and as I am kept pretty close at home it is quite a help to me. I should be glad to have any of the "Anne" books, by L. M. Montgomery. Frances Billingsley, Lignum, Virginia.

6. As I have not walked since I was fourteen years old and am nearly fifty now, the Cheerful Letter friends have been much help and cheer to me. May I ask for letters from some one who would like to help me with the study of letter-writing? Also for a dictionary? I should like letters from any one. I have to ask for postage to return, as I should not be able to write many and furnish postage. As I keep house, and mother is a cripple too, and a sufferer, I have only husband's help when he is home from work. Mrs. Alma Newcomb, Box 144, Brewer, Maine.

7. I have received quite a number of magazines and two picture-books for my daughter. We enjoyed all the reading and wish to thank all that have remembered us. My husband will be away this summer and reading will prevent my being lonely. I wish I might have some pieces for quilts, either silk or cotton, as I want to piece some quilts before winter. Mrs. J. R. Newberry, Tryon, Nebraska.

8. Cotton and wool pieces are specially desired by Mrs. Alan Pressley Wilson. Any magazine or periodical is always welcomed by her husband, Rev. Alan P. Wilson, 13 Williams Road, Blossburg, Pennsylvania.

9. I am a boy of sixteen years and I love to read. I shall be thankful for any good books suitable for a boy in grade seven and especially for a good history. I should like the "Life of Sir Walter Scott," the "Pathfinder," or any other good books or reading matter, and shall be thankful for all. Edgar Ashley, Bina, North Carolina.

10. Mrs. L. B. Grover, South Poland, Maine, a wheel-chair "shut-in" who has not stood on her feet for nine years, will be glad of cards and stories.

11. Miss Ornie Tyson, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213, will be glad of reading and crochet cotton.

12. I should be so glad if some one would send me some reading matter. I

should like any of Zane Grey's, Eleanor H. Porter's, Gene Stratton-Porter's, or L. M. Montgomery's books. I pass along whatever I may have to others to read. Children's stories or books suitable for the ages between two and twelve would be appreciated. I send as reference the name of Rev. W. H. Hollowell, Kelford, North Carolina. Mrs. Hobart Austin, Kelford, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. Cutler Hill, Campbell, North Carolina, asks for any reading and especially for a song book in use twenty years ago, called the "Old-time Spirit and Life Song Book." Her daughter Bertie asks for cards on her nineteenth birthday, September 5.

14. I am a lonely girl and I should be glad to get any kind of books and papers, also cards and picture-books for my little sister. Miss Alice Polk, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. 2.

15. William Holbert, Vanndale, Arkansas, asks for "Strange Hunt of the Beaver Patrol" and "Tom Peck's Courage."

16. Mrs. C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia, writes: "I wish to thank those who have sent me reading in the past, and I hope they will still remember me in the future. It has been a long time since I heard from my Cheerful Letter friends. Will some one please send me reading and quilt pieces?"

17. Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, appreciates the favors received and will be grateful for magazines.

18. Mrs. Katherine Hensley, Martinsville, Virginia, sends thanks for favors received; she is in delicate health and will appreciate *The Cheerful Letter* and any reading matter to help in the lonely hours.

19. Miss Ellen Hanson, formerly of Pleasant View, Virginia, now at De Young, Pennsylvania, would like to have friends continue to send her reading matter at her new address.

20. Miss Mamie Taylor, Green Bay, Virginia, will be very glad to receive suitable books for her boys, mostly in 'teen age; they are hungry little readers. She sends thanks for the botanies received.

21. Mrs. Eva Collins, Blakely, Georgia, will be grateful for a dictionary and a common school grammar.

22. The *Youth's Companion* and any suitable reading is asked for for Garner Choptaw, aged seventeen years, Ora Choptaw, fourteen years; and two younger boys. These mountain children enjoy younger books than city children because of the lack of education. Their address is Scotland, Arkansas, R. R. 2, care of William Choptaw.

23. I have six children, all very small. I should be so very glad of some story and picture books for them. I have only one little girl, Grace; she is the oldest of the six,—thirteen years old. She would be so thankful and proud of pieces for her doll. She has no little sister for a playmate and has a very lonely time. We are poor people and live away up in the mountains, and we should appreciate so much any kind of books or magazines or just anything we could get; and the little girl is so anxious for some story and picture books. I feel very lonely and sad myself. I lost my father one month ago; it was so hard to give him up. Mrs. J. A. Drumheller, Forks of Buffalo, Virginia.

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands and our own land,
Light of all souls, from Thee we seek
Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand.

In suffering Thou hast made us one,
In mighty burdens one are we;
Teach us that lowliest duty done
Is highest service unto Thee.

Teach us, great Teacher of mankind,
The sacrifice that brings Thy balm:
The love, the work that bless and bind;
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

Teach Thou, and we shall know indeed
The truth divine that maketh free;
And knowing, we may sow the seed
That blossoms through eternity.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE

A recent article in the *Red Cross Magazine* quotes a man who asked a noted authority on health,—"How is it that my wife, who is muscularly weak and delicate, has a greater physical endurance than I have, although I am much larger, eat twice as much, and have two or three times her physical strength? One day I tried to hang some curtains, and, in the process, a great deal of holding up of the arms was necessitated. In a short time my arms became very fatigued. When I started to rest my wife undertook the job, and, to my amazement, she stuck to it much longer than I did, and was apparently not so greatly fatigued."

This husband observed for himself that endurance is a quality quite distinct from strength.

Strength is measured by the utmost force that a muscle can exert at once; endurance by the number of times it can repeat an exertion requiring a specified degree of strength at the start. Endurance is measured by the slowness with which strength decreases from exertion. The strongest people are not necessarily those with the greatest endurance.

When a person is free from all specific ailments he usually calls himself "well." There is, however, a vast difference between such a "well" man and one in ideally robust health. The difference is one of endurance. Many "well" men cannot run a block for a street-car without feeling tired out, while another "well" man will run twenty-five miles. A Chinese coolie will run for hours at a stretch. That the world regards such performances as marvellous feats, only shows how marvellously out of training is the world as a whole. So in mental work: some men are unable to apply themselves more than an hour at a time, while others, like Humboldt and Mommsen, can work almost continuously fifteen hours in a day.

Muscular fatigue is a chemical effect, due to the circulation of "fatigue poisons" in the blood. These poisons generally come from over-exertion, but they may be produced also by excessive food, or from bad air, or from drugs or from infections. A heavy eater, and especially a heavy meat-eater, is liable to have less endurance than a light meat eater, although of equal strength. This probably accounts very often for the surprising endurance of some muscularly weak women, whose habits of eating are very temperate.

An endurance contest was once held between two groups of people,—one group made up of men and women who did not take meat, and the other group of men and women accustomed to the usual amount. Little difference was found in the strength of the two groups, but in endurance the vegetarians were found to be markedly superior; that is, they could perform a given muscular exertion more times without fatigue. A similar experiment in endurance was conducted,—not with actual vegetarians, but with people who ate little meat, as against others who ate more. It was found that the small meat-eaters greatly outdistanced the heavy meat feeders in the matter of endurance; for instance, they could perform an exercise called "deep knee-bending" some thousand times, against only four or five hundred times by the opposite group.

It has long been known that the production of poisons from food in the intestines is often due to the putrefaction of "protein," an element in which meat is very rich. It is readily conceivable, therefore, that a woman who is abstemious in her diet may have less putrefactive poisons to cope with, and therefore less likelihood of fatigue in her system, than a man of more sensuous habits, even though he has better developed muscle.

The mental make-up cannot be entirely ignored in any consideration of the causes of fatigue. Doctors have often observed that the female is so constituted that, although she is more given to chronic worry and fear than the male, when she is put up against an emergency she may exhibit an extraordinary amount of will to endure. In a series of medical examinations of men and of women, it was noticed that men more often fainted from fear, though it was generally the women who did the greatest amount of worrying in advance. They had something wiry in their make-up that carried them through.

In many endurance contests, this factor of mentality has to be reckoned with. All of us have discovered that when we are doing something that we like to do, we can work without fatigue many more hours than when our hearts are battling against necessity.

Any man who would like to equal in

endurance his "weak" wife has but to keep his body free from poisons as does she, and to do his tasks as cheerfully.—*Red Cross Magazine, June, 1920.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

HOW NEHEMIAH'S DREAM CAME TRUE.

This is the story of a man who loved his country with all his heart. He believed in his country. He was sure God had a special work for his nation to do in this world, and he was determined that God's will should not be allowed to fail through men's failure to remember and care.

The man was a Hebrew named Nehemiah. His family were very proud of being descended in a direct line from Abraham, the man to whom God had promised that his descendants should be a help to all the nations of the world.

When Nehemiah was a boy, he and his people lived,—not in Palestine, but hundreds of miles farther to the East, in the capital city of the great Persian Empire. There had been a terrible war between the Hebrews, in their land beside the Mediterranean Sea, and a powerful inland people. The Hebrews had been beaten; their own capital city, Jerusalem, had been captured by the enemy and almost entirely destroyed. Many of these Hebrews who survived the war had been "deported" and were earning a living as best they might in the far-off land of the conquerors.

Nehemiah himself was not old enough to remember the home country of his people, but he had heard from older men and women countless war stories, and peace stories too,—tales of the times when Jerusalem was beautiful and busy and prosperous, and when the regular worship at the splendid Temple blossomed out at certain fixed times every year into wonderful festivals, to which people came from all parts of the country. He had listened with delight to descriptions of those festivals, until it seemed as if he himself had seen them; he knew just how bands of pilgrims used to come singing along the roads to the city, and how they chanted special hymns as they neared the gates. He knew all about the beautiful Temple grounds, where worshippers, as they moved closer to the Holy Place, climbed marble stairs to higher ground and higher; and he knew it was to remind them to lift up their hearts in trust and love. He could see it all in his boyish imagination.

"Some day," he said to himself, "I will go back to the Beloved City. I will build up the broken walls. I will restore the ruined altars. Some day there shall again be processions of the loyal sons of God, praising Him as they used to praise Him!"

The growing boy held fast to this purpose. He grew into a man of unusual character and ability, and the king of the conquering people gave him a position of special trust in the royal palace. And in our Bibles we may read for ourselves the romantic story of how he fulfilled the dream of his boyhood.

Nehemiah tells how the forlorn condition of the Beloved City had one day been freshly described to him by a traveller just come from Palestine, and how he then made up his mind that the time had come for him to act. The first thing he did was to pray that God, who had quite rightfully allowed the Hebrews to suffer as a punishment for wrong-doing, would forgive them and grant them another chance to do right. Then his daily duty called him to be in attendance on the king and queen at their dinner. Naturally enough, he was looking very serious.

> "Now I had not been beforetime sad in his presence. And the king said unto me. Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart.
>
> "Then I was very sore afraid. And I said unto the king, Let the king live forever! Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city lieth waste and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?
>
> "Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request?"

Nehemiah told the king and queen about the desire of his heart, and asked that he might be given passports for the long journey to Jerusalem, and permission to stay and work there a certain length of time. The reigning king was not the same one who had been responsible for the siege of Jerusalem; Nehemiah hit upon exactly the right time and the right way in which to present his petition. He was given papers to show the royal approval of his mission, and he and a chosen few companions made the

long journey from the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea to the neighborhood of the Mediterranean. If you look at your map of Asia in a school geography and notice how many miles are meant by each inch of the map distances, you can see for yourselves what a long journey it was. The men rode on camels or donkeys and carried their provisions with them, camping each night somewhere along the way.

At last they did reach Jerusalem,—all that was left of the once beautiful city. And one night, as soon as he could manage to be quite alone, Nehemiah went out by moonlight and explored the line of the broken walls which had been a fortified defence.

> "I arose in the night; neither told I any man what my God put into my heart to do for Jerusalem. Neither was there any beast with me, save the beast that I rode upon. And I went out by night by the valley gate and viewed the walls, which were broken down, and the gates thereof consumed with fire. Then went I on to the fountain gate and to the king's pool; but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass. Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall; then I turned back, and entered by the valley gate, and so returned."

Such a strange and lonesome excursion it was,—that night of exploration around the walls and past the gates of which he had heard so many stories! And yet it was not altogether a sad thing, for his mind was full of a plan for rebuilding the walls and making the city once more fit for God's chosen people to live in. The next day, or soon afterward, he called together the Hebrews whom he found near by and told them his bold plan:—

> "Then said I unto them, Ye see the evil case that we are in,—how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire. Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach. And I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me, as also of the king's words that he had spoken unto me. And they said, Let us rise up and build!"

There were a few men in the vicinity who did not quite trust the new leader. They were men who had had some ancestors of Hebrew blood and other ancestors from pagan tribes of one kind and another. Nehemiah and men with his pride of birth never had much respect for people of such mixed origin. They, on the other hand, were always inclined to think that pure-blooded Hebrews put on too many airs! Just now they thought Nehemiah was presuming too much on the Persian king's patronage. Nehemiah himself relates how

> "they laughed us to scorn, and despised us, and said, What is this thing that ye do? Will ye rebel against the king? Then I answered them, and said unto them, The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build. But ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial in Jerusalem."

That was pretty hard on the half-Hebrew folks, but so Nehemiah decided. Then, as his story goes on to say, he appointed certain men to be responsible for the rebuilding of certain sections of the city wall,—from such a point to such a point; he tells exactly whose task it was to construct certain gates, with the proper bars and bolts for safety. And all went well; for, as he said, "the people had a mind to work."

After a time the half-Hebrews, who were not allowed any share in the labor and the honor, began not only to abuse the toilers with words but to threaten bodily harm. Nehemiah could not spare the time for actual warfare in the usual manner, but he called together all the true and loyal Hebrews he could find, and stationed them close by the working stonecutters and masons and blacksmiths for a guard. He armed them after the fashion of those days, and gave them their orders:—

> "And I rose up, and said to the rest of the people, Be not ye afraid of them. Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible; and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives, and your houses. . . . And we returned all of us to the wall, every one unto his work. And it came to pass from that time forth, that half my servants wrought in the work, and half of them held the spears, the shields, the bows, and the coats of mail; . . . and the builders, every one had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. . . . So we wrought in the work; and half of them held the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared. . . .
>
> "So the wall was finished. And it came to pass when all our enemies heard thereof, . . . they perceived that this work was wrought of our God."

Then, having made the ancient city once more whole as to her surrounding walls,

they repaired the houses, and made a place where all the people might come together in the open air to be taught how to live as became a Chosen People. And the leaders of the worship said:—

> "Stand up and bless the Lord your God from everlasting to everlasting.
> "Thou art the Lord, even Thou alone. Thou hast made heaven, the earth and all things that are thereon, the seas and all that is in them; and Thou preservest them all. The host of heaven worshippeth Thee."

And the leaders signed a promise, in behalf of the whole people, that they would begin anew, and henceforward live as loyal children and servants of the God who was giving them back their home.

A NEWFOUNDLAND HERO.

People whose memories reach back forty years recall the popularity of a certain breed of dogs called "Newfoundland,"—big, muscular, long-haired fellows, with coats of black and white, and large, intelligent eyes. Oddly enough, there are changing fashions in dogs as well as in the cut of our clothes; dogs of that breed are now little known. But a few months ago an animal of the Newfoundland country did such splendid service at the time of a shipwreck, that the name of his kindred has come back into remembrance. This is the story, as reported in a daily newspaper:—

The passengers and crew of the coastal steamer Ethie, numbering ninety-two persons, were brought ashore on a life-line which was run out from ship to shore by a Newfoundland dog after their vessel piled up at Martin's Point.

Boats could not make the hazardous passage from the stranded steamer. An effort to shoot the line ashore failed when the line was caught. Men did not dare attempt the trip through the waters, and so the dog was sent. Guided by those aboard the Ethie, the animal cleared the rope and brought it to land.

With block and tackle, the Ethie's crew and fishermen on the shore rigged a life-saving device, using a boatswain's chair for carriage. In this chair, ninety-one were hauled to safety over the line. A baby, the year-and-one-half-old child of a passenger, was pulled ashore in a mail-bag.

The Ethie, which had been engaged in the coastal service between Curling, Newfoundland, and Labrador ports, was drawn ashore during a gale.

PAPER-MAKERS.

Prof. Charles Janet is a Frenchman who is very much interested in the lives and habits of insects. He says that, besides being a good builder, there is no more expert paper-maker than the hornet. When the hornet wants to make paper with which to help build a nest, he first hunts up a rotting tree, takes a little of the soft wood in his mouth and chews it till it turns to a little ball of pulp. The hunt for just the right kind of a tree and the chewing of the wood takes this paper-maker only from two to six minutes.

With the pulp in his mouth, he flies for the home nest, where, clinging fast to the comb with his four hind legs, he rolls the little pulp ball around with his two front legs, at the same time chewing it vigorously to keep it soft and sticky. Finally he decides on just what spot of the paper house his ball is most needed; there he fastens it securely and then drags it out into a narrow strip of paper. As he unwinds his paper strip he shapes it with his jaws and tamps it down carefully to the sheet of which it is to be a part, until it is firmly glued.

Inside the gray paper covering of the hive the hornets build cells in the same way, though the paper used in cell-building is of finer quality and the work of finishing is done with greater care. Who hasn't seen gray paper nests of hornets high on barn rafters or half hidden in the gloom of cobwebby sheds?—*The Christian Register.*

TWO VIEWS OF LIFE.

1.

A myriad of men are born; they labor and sweat and struggle for bread; they scramble for little mean advantages over each other; age creeps upon them; infirmities follow; shames and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities; those they love are taken from them and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care, misery, grows heavier year by year; longing for release comes and they vanish from a world wher-

they were of no consequence—a world which will lament them a day and forget them forever.—*Mark Twain.*

II.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Saint Paul.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I. KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.

1 O	2 S	3 E	4 L	5 E	6 D	7 A	8 N
9 O	10 R	11 V	12 L	13 E	14 N	15 C	16 A
17 D	18 N	19 E	20 C	21 T	22 R	23 I	24 P
25 O	26 A	27 T	28 I	29 P	30 E	31 M	32 C
33 X	34 C	35 N	36 O	37 A	38 S	39 A	40 L
41 E	42 G	43 D	44 H	45 R	46 I	47 I	48 A
49 O	50 I	51 C	52 N	53 N	54 D	55 D	56 I
57 L	58 O	59 D	60 A	61 C	62 E	63 N	64 T

Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess) until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been rightly made the name of an event of national interest and two leading tickets may be spelled out. The path from one letter to another is continuous.

II.

PI.

"Ragteyl gebin! Otuhhg utoh veah mite utb ofr a elni, eb htat lumsibe. Tno lifarue tbu wlo mai si ricem."

III.

SOBRIQUETS.

What cities are known by the following:—

1. Queen City of the Lakes.
2. Insurance City.
3. Flour City.
4. City of the Straits.
5. Athens of America.
6. City of Spindles.

IV.

MAGAZINE GAME.

1. A show ground.
2. A boy's jackknife.
3. Part of a rope.
4. Child at night.
5. Hash.

—*Selected.*

V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In mail, but not in letter.
In war, but not in gun.
In sail, but not in boat.
In slay, but not in kill.
In amateur, but not in picture.
In city, but not in town.
In harbor, but not in port.
In house, but not in barn.
In slippers, but not in rubber.
In east, but not in north.
In wet, but not in dry.
In tent, but not in cabin.
In south, but not in north.

My whole is one of the New England States.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

I. MAGAZINE GAME: 1. Judge. 2. Outlook. 3. Life. 4. World's Work. 5. Cosmopolitan.

II. PUZZLE: Mischief.

III. NATIONAL NICKNAMES: 1. Greeley. 2. Adams. 3. Randolph. 4. Franklin. 5. Irving. 6. Eliot. 7. Lincoln. 8. Douglas. Initials, Garfield.

IV. ENIGMA: *The Christian Register.*

V. HALF SQUARE: L O D G E
O H I O
D I G
G O
E

VI. SOBRIQUETS: 1. Louisiana. 2. Connecticut. 3. New York. 4. Virginia. 5. Kentucky.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Francis Hastings, Kendal Green, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The first Boston meeting of the season will be held at 25 Beacon Street, October 1.

WANTED: SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

To fill the unusual demand for copies of The Cheerful Letter, *it will be greatly appreciated by the Committee if friends will do some canvassing during the summer and bring in a list of new subscriptions. Many of our correspondents feel that they can no longer afford to subscribe, but deplore the loss of the paper.*

OFFERS.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

REQUESTS.

THE ATTENTION OF READERS IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

CIRCULATING LIBRARIES.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied. Apply to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 76 Edgemere Road, Quincy, Mass. *Please note this address; it was misprinted in our last issue.*

STUDIES AT HOME.

The Home Study Committee of the Cheerful Letter Exchange is planning for more efficient work.

Our aim is to help in subjects in which one is deficient; to help one fit himself for a higher grade of work.

We have books used in the schools here which can be used for supplementary work in the schoolroom or in the home.

Make all applications for this department to Mrs. George G. Saville, 30 Woodward Avenue, Quincy, Mass.

MUSIC.

The music sent out by this department has in the past given much pleasure; and now that there is more and more interest in "community singing" the calls for help may naturally be expected to be greater.

Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Macey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Avenue and 20th Street, New York City.